

July 1876



1st. It was a
2nd. Thosapond

beauteous lady richly
Earl be father to my

dressed; Around her
child, Yet on the

neck are chains of jewels
award, my blessed babe shall

rare, A velvet
lid; Let the

mantle shrouds her snowy
winds lull him with their murmur

breast, A young child is sweetly slumbering
wild, And to their bance upward to

There; in her own arms, beneath a glowing
the sky; Well knows that Earl host

sure, she bears him
long my spirit.

onward to the greenwood
pines; Slowly a forest, gay, bold &

free, I had I wedded
free, I had I wedded

heath, thou fair & faultless o
as my heart inclined, My babe

one, where an Earl's
had cradled me a

son should ever cradled
in the greenwood tree

be, lul-la
" "

by, lul-la
" "

by.

